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From, Times
Phila. Pa.
Date, Oct. 23rd 1892

WAR TIME ECONOMIES

HOW PEOPLE FARED IN THE PENNSYLVANIA BACK COUNTIES.

MAKESHIFTS OF THE SIXTIES

Northerners Who Found Life Hard as Well as Their Neighbors Across the Border. Planting and Spinning Flax—Artificial Coffee and Other Devices.

From a Correspondent of THE TIMES.

TUNKHANNOCK, Pa., October 20.

Old Aunt Betsy is a good talker and responds readily to questioning. She has seen a great deal of life, and having a good memory can tell stories of the past that are well worth listening to. Once get her started one thing leads to another according to association in her mind, and her discourses seldom grow monotonous. This morning seated in a shady corner of the kitchen porch, knitting endless rounds on a blue and white woolen stocking, she was beguiled into reminiscences of war times.

"Any one would think from what they read that the people in the South were the only ones that had to contrive and economize in those days," she says; "but there were plenty of us right here in Pennsylvania that had pretty scratching times to get along. When the war broke out we were what you might call land poor. John had just bought this farm. We moved here from down in the valley, because our daughter, Mehitabel, had married and settled here, and we wanted to be near her. We owned a good farm down yonder, but it was a poor time to sell, and we used the money we had saved to buy this place, so we had nothing but what we raised when the hard times came on. Then Mehitabel's husband must up and go into the army, and leave her and their three children for us to take care of while he was gone, and that didn't mend matters any. It always came sort o' natural for me to economize, though, so I didn't find it such a dreadful hardship as some did. If we hadn't been saving from the start we'd never have had any property.

"Those were stirring times, I can tell you! I s'pose you don't remember very much about it yourself? It seems to me that I'd never noticed anything about politics till then. John was what they called a Peace Democrat. He never could see that there was any necessity for the war. If I do say it, he's one of thes best-hearted men that ever lived; but when he once gets his mind set it's no use to argue with him—it seems to hurt his feelings. He's a Methodist, and used to go to church as regular as Sunday came around; but he got so tired with the preachers a talking and praying about the war that he took to staying away from meeting, and somehow he's never got over it. Some folks used to call him a Copperhead and a Southern sympathizer. But, bless you! he didn't want the Union divided any more than those who called him hard names; he only thought there were better ways than shooting and killing to settle differences. And the way folks—men 'specially—used to get warmed up talking politics, it beat everything. It used to make me nervous enough to fly to pieces every time anybody got to arguing with John, for I knew he couldn't stand it, and most folks seemed to think it was their pious duty to make him see the error of his way of thinking.

"As I was saying, for all we owned two farms we had to economize, and 'twas pretty much the same with everybody around here. Nearly all the able-bodied men either enlisted or were drafted into the army, and there wasn't any too much farming done. Yes, produce brought good prices. I remember wheat brought $3 a bushel, but most folks couldn't manage to raise much more than they had to use, so that didn't help much, and a little had to go a great way. There was enough of everything to be had if one could pay the price, but common folks couldn't do it. We didn't buy many dry goods in those days, I can tell you. The slaziest kind of calico was fifty to sixty cents a yard and sheeting muslin as high as a dollar. I remember Mehitabel and I were each piecing a basket pattern quilt—takes more muslin than anything else—and we had to put them by, for we didn't cut out any garments, and we couldn't think of buying just for patchwork. Folks were obliged to eat, though, and provisions were awful high. We had to pay $2.25 for a pound of gunpowder tea, and there wasn't anything that would take its place. I can't just recollect what price coffee did reach, for hardly anybody around here bought the genuine berry. The government took such large quantities for the army that it was a difficult matter to get a good article at any price, and most people got to making their own adulterations and substitutes, and then they knew what they were drinking, at least. We tried everything, first and last—chickory root, browned wheat and rye and potatoes, but we sort o' settled down on wheat bran and molasses. And then they used to sell something they called coffee essence—awful rank, nasty-tasting stuff—that we put in with the other things to give them a coffee flavor and color.

"Muslin got so dreadful dear that folks in moderate circumstances just couldn't buy it, and those that hadn't a good supply on hand got pretty well put to it before the war closed. A good many around here took to

raising flax for towels, table-cloths and the like. John put in a piece. He didn't know exactly how to manage it at first, but he could remember seeing his father handle it when he was a boy, and so he had pretty good luck. Never saw flax a growing? Well, there isn't any prettier sight than a field of it in bloom; you'd almost think it was a blue lake when the wind ripples over it. After it is pulled it must be rotted to make the straw brittle, and then put through a machine called a break, something like an old-fashioned cutting-box, with a blunt, wooden blade, which breaks up the rotten straw covering, so that it is easily knocked off the fibre by the swingling knife. After that it is hetcheled to separate the tow, and the long, silky flax is knotted up into heads to keep it from getting tangled. Did I know how to spin? No, but I had seen it done when I was young, and mother's flax wheel was up in the garret, and it didn't take me long to get the hang of it. I could spin wool with the best of 'em when I was young, and I suppose that was a help to me when I tried the flax; but there's considerable difference. I've got some towels and table-cloths yet that I spun the yarn for myself. I'm keeping 'em for my granddaughters. There isn't any use of giving such things to boys—there wives aren't apt to care enough about' em to take care of 'em. Once in a while I bleach 'em up and take them to the county fair, and they always get the premium. I 'spose because they're the only ones entered. Like to see 'em?"

—

An affirmative answer sends Aunt Betsy after her treasures and our praises of their fineness and whiteness leads her to a dissertation on methods of bleaching and in summing up she says:

"May is the best time of year to put clothes out on the grass to bleach, but October will do. You have to keep them wet and they are apt to mildew in hot weather. It's perfectly astonishing how gringy some people's white clothes will get. But, mercy, you can't expect anything else, for they don't half rinse them. I don't believe in blueing, either. It's only a cover for slack rinsing and it's n improvement, to my mind.

"Did you ever notice those iron rollers with square teeth set in 'em that lay in the shed back of the barn? Well, John invented a machine to grind the juice out of sorghum cane, and they were a part of it. When sugar got to be twenty-five and thirty cents a pound and molasses a dollar and a half a gallon, folks went to raising sorghum and made their own molasses. It had a peculiar sort o' flavor, but I used to like it, and it made beautiful gingerbread. Ever see any card gingerbread? Well, I must make some one of these days. It's mixed pretty middling stiff, rolled out to fit the bake-tin and scored crossways with a knife. Its old-fashioned, and most folks don't know anything about it. I can remember going with my mother to see a 'general training' of the militiamen when I was a slip of a girl. Training days were great affairs, and they used to make as much fuss over 'em as they do now over a circus or a county fair. They sold gingerbread then, just as they do ice cream and lemonade now. There was a young chap at the training that I 'spose took kind of a notion to me, and he kept buying cards of gingerbread and giving it to me. I didn't want to eat it, and I didn't know how to refuse it, and for fear so body would question me and tease me I had the cake under my apron—silk aprons were very dressy those days. Then the little chap would see that the gingerbread had disappeared and bring me another piece. I got so worked up over it that I cried. Girls were different those days—you don't find many bashful ones now."

And with a sigh over the degeneracy of the times Aunt Betsy rolls up her knitting, thrusts the needles into the ball of yarn and goes into the kitchen to oversee the getting of dinner.

From, Republican

Scranton Pa.

Date, Nov. 30th 1892

Factoryville—The nineteenth annual reunion of the family of the late Deacon Darwin Gardner, which occurred Thanksgiving Day, was held at the old homestead, now the home of D. D. Gardner. The family now living numbers seventy-two persons, of these all but two reside in their native State, Pennsylvania, and fifty-seven of them within three miles of Factoryville. There are eleven children, thirty-eight grand children and twenty-three great grand children, inclusive of the husbands and wives of the children and grand children. Forty-nine of the family were present at the reunion, the others being unwillingly absent. An elegant repast, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, was served upon two long tables, to which all the family present were seated. During the meal turkey anatomy was one of the leading features, and it required the scientific dissection of five large turkeys to reach the point of satisfaction.

This reunion was of more than ordinary interest. During the day and evening the old fire-place was opened, a back log rolled in and a roaring fire kept burning. On one side was a large pan of apples, a large basket filled with nuts occupied the other side. Numerous diversions were indulged in and a right merry time was enjoyed by all. The old fire-place with its bright fire brought back vivid recollections of years long past, especially so to those who had there sought the heart and hand of the one who was to be their future partner in life. During the day the family group was photographed by W. N. Manchester. Deacon Gardner was one of the pioneers of this county, coming here with his parents in 1813 when he was but 9 years of age. They settled near where the old homestead now stands, their first house being built of logs. Mr. Gardner was twice married: his first wife was Mercy Reynold. She died in 1863. He subsequently married the widow of his brother, Aloinza, Mrs. Eliza Gardner, whose

maiden name was Capwell. She survived him a few years, when her earthly light, too went out. Mr. Gardner live to the ripe old age of 78 years and 7 days, and raised a family of eight children, four boys aud four girls, all by his first wife, and all of whom married and settled within three miles of the old homestead. If all the details and incidents in connection with the life of Deacon Gardner and his descendants were written up, it would make a large and interesting volume.

Among those attending the reunion deserving special attention is Mrs. Mary Gardner, wife of Birman Gardner. She is a confirmed invalid, and has been for many years, caused by rheumatism. It is seldom she is allowed the privilege of the family gatherings.

From, Democrat
Tunkhannock Pa
Date, April 8. 1898

Scraps of Early History.

The following article relating to the early settlements made in Bradford county by French refugees, is from the Athens *News*, of March 30th :—

The American war of freedom had disseminated republican ideas among the lower classes of France discontented with their lot for fifty years under the reign of Louis XV, which had been a continual misfortune to France. It was evident that under the existing state of affairs, where the clergy and nobles never paid taxes and the burden falling upon the tradesmen and farmers, the time was fast approaching when there would be such an uprising among the populace that would startle the world. Encouraged by the results of the American Revolution, and finding that Louis XVI had dismissed in 1776 his once great minister of finances Turgot, who had publicly proclaimed that the only true remedies for the ills of France was economy and abolition of privileges. The state should spend less and draw its supplies from all orders of men alike. Louis XVI had many virtues, but his weakness and character of his wife Marie Antoinette made the eventual explosion all the more complete and terrible. On the 12th of July, 1789, the first collision between the troops and the people took place. For years the King, the nobles and some of the clergy too, had cared for little but their own pride and pleasure, and had done nothing to help the people teach, train or lead them, so now these people were wild with dispair and when the hold on them was a little loosened they threw it off and turned in furious rage upon their masters. Hatred grew and all those who had once been respected were looked on as a brood of wolves who must be done away with. On August 4th the National Assembly gave expression to a solemn declaration of the equality of human rights. The Royal Princess and all the nobles who could escape sought safety in flight to any safe harbor, England, Germany, Holland, the West Indies and America, each country receiving a part of the 70,000 noble emigrants who sought a refuge and a livelihood. St. John de Creve Coeur, a Frenchman, passed up the Susquehanna river with an Indian guide in 1744. A report of his explorations was published some time after in France. He was an educated man and a close observer. He says "on the 5th day we arrived at Wyalusing, situated ninety miles from Wilkes-Barre. It is a plain of considerable extent and of great fertility. I observed that the blue grass had been replaced by white clover with which pastures were covered. There were as yet only a few families along the river. Their cattle were of great beauty." Thus we are led to believe from this account the valleys along the Susquehanna were known to the French refugees before their arrival in this country. A party of the exiles landed in Philadelphia in 1789 and sought the advice of Stephen Girard as to the investment of what little money they managed to bring with them. A colony was founded for the permanent provision of the French refugees and this plan was adopted. Two hundred thousand acres of land were purchased in what was then Northumberland county, now Bradford, Luzerne, Lycoming and Sullivan counties. The land was sold by Robert Morris and John Nicholson, who were then engaged in gigantic deals of land. It was decided to make the first settlement in what was christened Asylum Valley, near the Standing Stone. This is a rock eighteen feet high and eight feet broad, which stands in the river just

north of Asylum, midway between Rummerfield and Standing Stone, on the line of the Lehigh Valley railroad. Count Charles Buide Barlogue, a French statesman, acted as agent for the Colony. Morris & Nicholson soon ruined the company and then Louis Marie Viscount de Noailles and Marquis Antonie Omer Talon founded a company of their own and retained some of the land, including the beautiful Asylum Valley. In this valley, on the opposite side of the river from the Lehigh Valley railroad, between Homet's Ferry and Rummerfield, was laid out the little town of Frenchtown, and here, after narrow escapes from the reeking guillotine, wearisome journeys and lack of the comforts and luxuries with which they had been surrounded, the highest nobles of France settled down as colonists upon a new land to change the primeval forests into rich farm lands and to make of the wilderness an earthly paradise. The town was laid out in the form of a parallelogram and covered three hundred acres. In the center was a large market place and five broad streets ran due north and south, extending the full length of the plot. They were crossed at right angles by nine streets running east and west. Within a month or two the town consisted of fifty log houses, all more substantially built than the average log house of the period. Each had a large stone fire place and some few were two stories. In these rude dwellings the men and women, who had been born and reared in palaces, lived. The new colonists were eager to make their town as beautiful as possible. A nursery of 900 apple trees were planted, and a mile down the river was built a horse grist mill. Omer Talon was chosen governor of the colony, while De-Noailles managed its affairs in Phhiladelphia. Talon's home was the most pretentious house in the valley. He lived in great style and entertained most lavishly the few visitors who from time to time visited the settlement. Baron de Yantalen was appointed superintendent of clearing and under his directions two roads were built, one of which, and the traces of the second, still exist. These roads cost $3,000.00 and it took a long time to build them as workmen were difficult to obtain and the French were unwilling and doubtless unable to do manual labor. Flax was cultivated. Maple sugar was made in large quantities, also tar, and shipped to Wilkes-Barre by rafts on the river. Buoyed by the ambition of making a home for their beloved King and Queen the colonists at first directed all their energies to improve their little town. In 1791 a large commodious and luxurious log house was built. It was intended as an abode for Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. It was perhaps the largest log house ever built in America. It was sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. It had eight stacks of chimneys. Two side buildings were erected. One was to be used as a dining room and the other as a kitchen. The house was built of enormous logs, hewn and placed so as to fit closely together. When the news reached the settlement of the capture and death of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette the interest of the colonists began to waive and they grew discontented with their lot. In 1793 there arrived at the settlement Aristide Aubert du petit Thour, the gallant Post captain, who years before the Revolution had won fame for himself and the French Navy. He purchased 400 acres of land and lived the life of a hermit near the present town of Dushore, in Sullivan county. In 1795 LaRoceefoucauld and Talleyrand visited the Colonists and remained with them several months. In 1776 a notable party headed by Louis Phillipe, Duke de Orleans, and afterwards Louis XVIII visited the town. Gayety reigned supreme

The March of Sullivan's Army—1779.

The following scrap of early history was dug up among the archives of Morristown, New Jersey, by the late Judge Harvey Siekler while on a visit to that town some years ago. It is the diary of Dr. Jabez Canfield, who was a surgeon in the army under Gen. Sullivan, which marched from Wyoming through the Susquehanna region, for the purpose of punishing the Indians for depredations committed upon the settlers, and more especially to revenge the massacres at Cherry Valley and Wyoming. The document is quite lengthy, but we think it will

rove of interest to our readers, as it ives a brief outline of the entire campaign, with its results. Many of the ames given to places will scarcely be ecognized, but the description of localiies and the distances given leave no room or doubt. The Lahawannuck, is, of ourse, the Lackawanna, and Quilutimac, even miles beyond, must have been ansom. It is a little singular that no ention is made of the appearance of uttermilk Falls, which must have been rikingly beautiful, at that primitive day, hen they were in a state of nature and rrounded by accessories calculated to tract remark. Falling Spring attracted e doctor's attention, and although rearkable, it is certainly not as much so s the former waterfall, which boils and ubbles over the rocks, churning foam in s descent. The diary will run through everal numbers of the DEMOCRAT :

DIARY.

May 23d, 1779—Left Morristown in rder to join the regt. ordered on an exedition to the westward against the udians and Tories who had cruelly deroyed our frontiers.*

May 24th, 1779—I arrived at Easton. aston from Morristown 51 miles.

May 25th, 1779—I arrived at Brinker's ill.

May 26th, 1779—Joined the regiment t Tunkhauna. The troops employed in is work were the Second New York egiment and Spencer's. Col. Cortlandt aving the command—our encampment ontinued in this place until the 30th, hen we marched to Locust Hill. All is way the land very indifferent and ough—the timber mostly pitch pine and emlock, some white pine—also birch, irtle and some beach and elm—Spruce.

This hill is covered with small locust rees. While the detachment remained t Locust Hill, the first New Hampshire egt. joined us, but at the same time a etachment under Col. Smith were sent Wyoming so that we gained very little y the Hampshire men's coming up.

June 7, 1779—The camp remained on ocust Hill till June 7th, when we marchd and encamped upon the borders of the hades of Death.

June 12, 1779—The detach't passed the hades of Death and encamped at Bullux's rm. All this way the land very indifferit and rough, however here we found ery large white pine in many places—and e hemlock exceedingly large.

June 14, 1779—The detach't marched to Wyoming, Col. Butler with a detach't om the garrison had opened the road.

Wyoming is a beautiful place, through which runs the Susquehanna, in a swift delightful course. Wyoming is distant from Easton 60 miles—and is capable of great improvement.

The settlement did consist of four different towns, before the cruel Butler destroyed them, being inhabited by upwards of one thousand families, who, a few excepted, were entirely ruined and such as he did not kill, were left utterly destitute of every necessary of life, and obliged to fly for refuge into the lower settlements.

The lands here are exceedingly good and fertile; the river abounds with various fish in the Spring. It is full of the finest shad. Trout and pickerel are also plenty here.

In passing the great swamp we cross several fine streams of water, which all abound in trout.

The first is Tunkhanna, second is Tobehanna, the third is Laha, these are all branches of the same river, and under the name of the Lahi fall into the Delaware at Easton.

In this way we passed a second swamp called Bare-swamp, through which runs a considerable stream of water, called the Ten-mile run, said to fall into the Schuylkill.

Four miles from Wyoming, we cross a high mountain, which will render the land-carriage allways difficult from Easton to this place could the other difficulties be removed.

The long stay of the army at Wyoming, was owing to the infamous conduct of the Commissaries and Quartermasters, imployed in furnishing the necessary provisions and stores, and finally, when the army did march, it was so scantily supplied, that the success of the expedition is by that means, rendered exceedingly precarious.†

The army was delayed at Wyoming by the above mentioned causes until the 31st day of July when it began its march, and at evening arrived at Lahawannuck—about 10 miles. Here a fine stream of water which gives name to the place falls into the Susquehanna from the northeastward. About three or four miles back and on the other side of the river, is the place where the Yankes were defeated under Wyoming Butler. This place is a rich bottom on both sides but of no great extent. At the end of this flat is the Spring fall, a brook falling from a high mountain.

Aug. 1, 1779—The army marched to Quilutimac (7 miles) another bottom of no great extent, but rich land—here we rested one day, to give time for the boats to come up.

Aug. 3d, 1779—The army marched to Tunkhanna (12 miles), a fine creek falling into ye Susquehanna from the north-east. Here, as almost everywhere else on the river, the mountains are exceedingly high and generally nigh the river, the flats being narrow, a few excepted. The flats all rich land. Timber, white pine, pitch and yellow—several sorts of ash—and in the low bottoms maple (of which sugar is made), black and white walnut, elm, beech, ash, bass, hickory and other swamp wood.

Aug. 4th—The army marched to Vandelip's farm (14 miles), a good flat of bottom land, the mountains high and covered with grass, even to the top in some places.

In this day's march we passed three good brooks of water falling through the mountains. How hard is the soldier's lot, who's least danger is the field of action? Fighting happens seldom, but fatigue, hunger, cold and heat are constantly varying his distress.

Aug. 5th, 1779.—The army marched to Wybusing (10 miles.) Remained here two days on account of the rain—the difficulty of getting up the boats—and Gen. Sullivan's being unable through indisposition to proceed on. At this place is a plane covered with English grass of an extraordinary large growth, and beautiful. In the way we passed a very high mountain, from which we had an extensive prospect of mountains and the river, a most beautiful variety. Coming on this flat we find very large trees; the largest are buttonwood—here are many black walnuts. This was formerly settled by Moravian Indians.

The army marched to Standingstone bottom (10 miles). At the end of Wybusing flat we pass Wybusing creek, a beautiful stream of water falling through the mountains from the northeast into the Susquehanna.

This day ye army marched some time by the river, but mostly at some distance over mountains. This place takes its name from a long stone standing upright on the opposite shore, which when it fell from the mountain above, accidentally took that position. Here is a fine soil unimproved. The boats made this place with difficulty.

Early in the morning of the 9th the army marched, by a narrow pass, along ye river, some times by the water side, having a high mountain on the right, afterwards through an exceeding fine tract of land, of considerable length in which we passed Weesaucking creek falling into the Susquehanna from the northeast. After the army passed on the declivity of a high mountain, overlooking the river, by a narrow foot path dangerous to be passed by a single person, here several of our cattle and packed horses fell and were killed.

About sunset we entered on a fine bottom and continued our march to Sheshequanunk, 6 miles from the mountain, a beautiful plane covered with grass; very necessary for our hungry horses and cattle.

In this day's march Col. Proctor landed on the other side of the river and burned an Indian town which was built last Spring, but now abandoned, consisting of 28 log houses covered and 6 not finished, called Newtychaning—here we had a night march of 6 miles through thick woods with 900 cattle in our front, our Regt. being the rear guard this day. We have here continually rains or fogs in the night, and very hot in the days and cold nights.

Aug. 9th—The army marched to upper Sheshequanunk (15 miles). The army remained here the 10th day to give the boats time to come up. Last night one of our largest boats were cast away and everything in her lost, coming up a rapid; this is hard, for she was loaded with 7 or 8 tons of flower.

Aug. 11—The army arrived at Tioga, this day (3 miles.) At 7 o'clock this morning the army marched and crossed the Susquehanna about a mile above our last camp—the river wide and rapid, and so deep as to come to the top of my boots on horseback; after crossing we passed a swamp, a small distance through, and then entered a beautiful plain. This plain is called Tioga, from the middle of which we crossed over the Tioga branch, on to a point of land, which is made by a junction of the Tioga branch, with the Susquehanna; on this point the army encamped, with our rear extending along the Susquehanna. About a mile further up the two rivers approach each other, within a little more than 100 yards, and, is the place which we expect will be fortified, to cover our boats until we return.

It is remarkable that we have come into this country, by a long and difficult march, where there are but a few miles, in which a small party of our enemy could not, with ease, have much impeded our progress, and are now within twelve miles of one of their considerable settlements, and as yet have never seen or heard anything of them, that we could, with certainty depend upon.

I very heartily wish these rustics may be reduced to reason, by the approach of this army, without their suffering the extremes of war; there is something so cruel, in destroying the habitations of any people, (however mean they may be, being their all) that I might say the prospect hurts my feelings.§

Aug. 12—The army, leaving the invalids and baggage at Tioga, in the evening marched for Shemung, an Indian town, situated on the Tioga branch of the Susquehanna. We arrived in the morning after a most fatigueing march all night in the dark through the woods. This place had been left by the inhabitants the day before.

Gen. Hand advancing with his brigade about three miles farther on was fired at by a few Indians, who killed and wounded 8 or 9 of his officers and men.

The town was burned and corn was destroyed and the army returned to Tioga in 24 hours, having performed a march of full 40 miles in twenty-four hours.

—We begin today the publication of the diary of Dr. Jabez Canfield, who was a surgeon in Gen. John Sullivan's army when it marched up the Susquehanna in 1779, in quest of the savages who had wrought such dastardly work in the Wyoming Valley the year before. The punishment of the Indians was complete, and they suffered the full consequences of their crimes at Wyoming, in the loss of their crops and villages, and many of their "braves" in battle. Not a vestige was left where the army went that savages or tories could subsist upon. This diary ought to set at rest the question of Sullivan's army encamping at Tunkhannock. The Doctor says, "on the 3d of August, 1779, the army marched 12 miles (from Quilutimac—which is supposed to be Ransom) and encamped at Tunkhanna, where a fine stream of water falls into the Susquehanna from the north-east." The army did not follow the course of the river all the way, but frequently went over the hills or mountains, thus cutting off the great bends in the river and making the distance nearer. It is supposed the army came through the notch in the mountain on the road over the hill between Tunkhannock and LaGrange, and passed down the mountain to Tunkhannock creek, fording it somewhere near the Perry Billings' sawmill, about two miles up the creek from this place. The reader will get a pretty good idea of the work Sullivan's army did, and of the route taken, if he follows this diary as it is published from week to week in the DEMOCRAT.

*See Marshall's Life of Washington, 2d Edition, II, p. 321. etc.; Botta's History of the Revolution, II, p. 51.

†"Sullivan reached Wyoming on the Susquehanna on the 21st of July, having delayed his march by waiting the result of extravagant demands which he continued to make, for men, provisions and equipments, and which Congress were not disposed to grant."—Allen's Revolution, II, p. 276.

‡The distances, and generally the comments upon the soil, timber, etc., are in the margins of the original.

§The course of Sullivan in "laying waste and destroying everything after the manner of his savage enemy," as Allen states, was severely commented upon at the time, but as shown by Peabody in his Life of Sullivan, and in Marshall's life of Washington, the General only carried out the specific instructions received from the Commander-in-chief, which were "to lay waste all the settlements around, in an effectual manner, that the country may be not merely overrun, but destroyed." Spencer's U. S., II, page 51.

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From DEMOCRAT.
TUNKHANNOCK, PA.
Date MAR 17 1899

The March of Sullivan's Army—1779.

Diary of Doctor J. Canfield Continued.

August 16, 1779.—A detachment from the whole army consisting of 1,000 men under command of Gens. Poor and Hand marched this day from Tioga along the west side of the Susquehanna (10 miles) to meet Gen. Clinton.

The army incamped this evening in a beautiful forrist of white pine.

I here observe a plant in abundance which has much the smell of garden balm.

This whole country abounds in fine forrists of White Pine.

Aug. 17, 1779.—The Detachment marched (12 miles) to an Indian settlement about one mile below Owego and incamped on a beautiful plain covered with grass; just before we came on the plane, the detach't crossed a stream of water, on which Owego is situated a mile above these places were all deserted last Spring, their inhabitants, only a few.

Aug. 18, 1779.—The detachment marched (18 miles) to an Indian town, deserted, called Cokonuck, of about 50 or 60 houses mostly on the other side of the river. This is a large fine flat of rich land, covered with fine grass, such as clover, spear and fowl-meadow grass, and the natural grass of the country, which here grows 8

feet high.

his days march was rendered very difficult by the intervention of several hills and swamps. The land rough and less of white pine and moro of white oak—we passed a swamp, resembling the great swamp, only it was small.

We heard G. Clinton's evening gun.*

Aug. 19.—This morning 9 o'clock Gen. Clinton joined us with upwards of 200 boats and about 700 Infantry, who marched by land—2 pieces of cannon in ye boats; his whole number it is said consists of 1500 men. 11 o'clock we marched for Owego and arrived there at sunset. A party was sent out, who burned the town of Owego. The few inhabitants, who remained there had gone off the day before we arrived.

Gen'l Clinton has burned all the towns on or near the river in his way down.

Aug. 20.—A heavy rain came on last night, which prevented our march this day.

Aug. 21, 1779.—Marched back to within about six miles of Tioga and incamped.

Aug. 22d.—The army under Gen. Clinton and the Detach't under Gen. Poor, joined the army at Tioga.

A remarkable circumstance in our march back to Tioga, is that every morning and evening the Detach't countermarched, and on our march every day had our left toward the enemy, and our right towards the river.

The detach't marched on the 16th, at noon and returned the 22d at noon being 6 days out, one of which was very rainy, and performed a march of 80 miles.

Gen. Clinton's march from Lake Otsego to Tiogo—

From the mouth of Tioga to Mackatowando 10 miles, to Owego 12, to Cokanunck 18, to Chenango 9 miles, to Tuscarora 3, to Aupuaqun 18, to Unadilla 25, to the mouth of Lake Otsego 67, to the head of the lake, 8 miles—162 miles.

The general course N. E.

During the stay of the army at Tioga, four blockhouses were built for the defense of the boats and garrisoned by the invalids under command of Col. Shrieve and the boat men. Here we left all unnecessary baggage, and all the women and children. The General left here two 6-pounders.

Aug. 26, 1779.—Thursday—The whole army marched by the garrison of Tioga and encamped about three or four miles forward.

Aug. 27th, 1779—The army marched about six miles and passed a difficult defile—broke two wagons, overset a traveling forge and one of the pieces.

This shows the difficulty we have to surmount in carrying our cannon forward. Our baggage arrived at 12 o'clock at night; here we found much green corn and beans.

Aug. 28th.—The army marched to Shemung (12 miles from Tioga). In this march Maxwell's brigade, the artillery and pack-horses forded the river twice to escape a difficult defile, while General Clinton, Poor and Hand with their brigades passed over the mountains. The General this day received information that a body of men were fortifying a pass about 6 miles in front.

Sunday, Aug. 26, 1779.—The army advanced in its common order of march, until about the middle of the day when the advance received a fire from the enemy, whom they found posted advantageously behind a breast work, extending about 2 or 300 yards, built on a rising ground, having a brock and very thick brush in front at the distance of small musquet shot—they were about 1000 strong, mostly Indians, under Brandt—Butler, however, commanded, having with him 3 or 400 rangers and Tories.

The Rifle men amused them for some time with a scattering fire, while Gens. Clinton and Poor could gain their left flank, and the artillery be properly posted. When the cannon began to play upon them, they ran immediately, in great disorder; they, then attempted to gain a mountain on the right of the river, which they effected, but Gen'l Poor immediately dislodged them, and their rout became general.†

Two prisoners were taken, a Tory and a Negro; 17 men were killed on the spot, who our people found, one of them an Indian of distinction—their number wounded we don't know, they must have been considerable. We had only 3 men killed and 30 wounded, among whom were a Major, Captain and Sub'n, all of the Hampshire troops.

At evening the whole army arrived and encamped in New Town, the inhabitants of which had deserted it two days before.

Here we found great quantities of corn, beans, pumpkins, etc.

On our right up the brook, where the action was, at some distance, was found a cluster of new houses covered with split stuff, supposed to have been built for a magazine as they had not been inhabited. From the manner of building the houses here, I think the Tories must have built them; and the corn was planted after the manner of the white people.

Aug. 30, 1779—The army remained in camp this day, part being detached to destroy the corn and other things from which the enemy might hereafter draw subsistence.

The Com'r-in-Chief proposed to the officers and soldiers of each brigade, the necessity of shortening the allowance of provision; our stock being too small to last long enough to accomplish the design of the expedition; when the whole army almost unanimously, agreed to subsist upon half a pound of Flour and half pound of Beef per day, a striking instance of the virtue of the army.

This night the Gen'l sent down to Tioga in the boats the wounded, four of our most cumberos pieces of cannon, and all the wagons.

An extract from Gen'l Orders, Aug. 31, 1779,—headquarters 10 miles above New Town, after the army had agreed to accept of half rations:

"It is with the highest satisfaction sincere gratitude the Gen'l rec'd an acct. of the cheerful compliance of ye officers and soldiers of the army with his proposal of yesterday. This pleasing proof of their virtue, fortitude and perseverance added to the striking evidence they have given of their bravery, gives him the most agreeable sensation, and demands every return in his power. He will endeavor to expedite the operations of the campaign, as much as possible, and has no doubt, but with the supplies on hand he will soon be able to issue full rations. He assures them, that as soon as it can be reduced to a certainty, that the provisions will answer, he will not lose one moment in ordering the full allowance to be delt out.

Least any doubts should arise in the minds of the Troops respecting the money to be allowed in lieu of provisions, the Gen'l assures them, they shall receive as much, as the provisions would cost at this time."

Aug. 31, 1779.—The army marched on (10 miles) and found rough and mountainous ground for the first four miles and we saw several fields of corn on the opposite side of the river. In this march a considerable number of houses lately built by the Tories were destroyed. Here we passed a considerable run of water, falling from the N. E. into the Cayuga—from this place we left the river and continued our march over a level country, about a north course—very good marching, it being a wide extended plane, with scattering pitch pine trees.

Col. Dayton was detached to follow the enemy up this branch, he did not overtake them, but came to an Indian town, which he destroyed—and also the corn.

*Allen says: "As if determined that his march should be no secret, a morning and evening gun were regularly fired during his whole route. He seemed to consider the enemy as already in his power, and made the most absurd boasts of his intentions with regard to them."—II., p. 277.

†This statement scarcely warrants the acc'ts given of the conflict by historians. Marshall says (II p. 322): 'While the artillery played on the works, Poor pushed up the mountain, and a sharp conflict commenced, which was sustained for some time with considerable spirit on both sides. Poor continued to advance rapidly, pressing the Indians before him at the point of the bayonet, and occasionally firing on them, they retreated from tree to tree, keeping up an irregular fire, until he gained the summit of the hill."

(To be Continued.)

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13, 1899.

Mr. McKinley hasn't gone to Thomasville, Ga., where he will be the guest of Boss Hanna for several weeks, solely to get rest and recreation. Not by a jugfull, there is political scheming, and a lot of it, in the trip. While they are in Thomasville the leading administration Senators and Representatives will visit them, and in addition to clinching Mr. McKinley's renomination next year, the question of whether the administration will try to prevent Czar Reed's re-election as Speaker of the House, will be carefully gone over and decided. If it were only a question of inclination, it might be considered as already decided. Mr. McKinley and a number of his closest friends are sore on Reed because of his attitude towards all of the administration measures that came before the late Congress, and would gladly antagonize his re-election as Speaker, if they thought they could beat him, but there's the rub. They are afraid to fight Reed, unless they are reasonably certain of being able to control enough votes to down him, because if they do so and fail, they know he would fight back during the life of the fifty-sixth Congress, which will be as long as that of the administration.

Democrats will be glad if the Republican party will endorse the claim of Representative Cannon, of Ill., one of Czar Reed's most obedient henchmen, that real Nicaragua Canal legislation, which has been commended by National Conventions, regardless of party, was purposely prevented at the recent session of Congress by the Republican House. The blame for the failure of that legislation had been placed upon Reed, but when Mr. Cannon says: "Fortunately, the House of Representatives resisted the enactment of the proposed legislation," in his labored commendation of Republican accomplishments during the Fifty-fifth Congress, he places the responsibility on the Republican party, and actually gloats over it as something to be proud of. Will the National Convention of his party dare to assume the same attitude on this question?

While the friends of Gen. Miles do not go so far as to make the direct charge that the canned meat furnished our soldiers in Cuba and Porto Rico was horse meat, although labeled "Roast Beef," they do not hesitate to say that suspicion strongly points that way. It is know that 350,000 cans of the meat was bought in Europe, where it had been shipped from this country. The labels on the meat said it was packed in Chicago, but the firm alleged to have packed it—"The Prairie State Packing Co."—is said to be unknown either in Chicago or to the wholesale trade of the country. That horse meat is being canned in Chicago and shipped to Europe is known, and persons who ought to know have declared that the meat in question was horse meat. If the Military Court of Inquiry really wishes to get at the bottom of this business, it ought not to be a difficult matter. The contractors who supplied this meat could be made to tell who canned it and where it was canned. The Court is already accused of failure to call witnesses known to have information tending to prove Gen. Miles' contention, and if its members are not careful their report will meet with the same reception the country gave to the report of the Alger Whitewashing Commission.

Senator Chandler, who has a reputation for talking against things supported by his party, but always voting with the party, has an

of anti-trustphobia just now. ainst the trusts as seriously as was a good Democrat or Populist. hat is no reason to expect that he will vote against any measures desired by the trusts which may come before the Senate, in the future; he certainly has not done so in the past.

Navy Department officials say that armor for our warships cannot be bought for $300 a ton, the limit set by the last Congress. A statement made before the House Naval Committee shows conclusively that it could be if there was not an armor trust, formed to bleed the government. One of the members of this trust sold Russia three thousand tons of the same armor for $240 a ton. It was claimed by a representative of that Company that $40,000 was lost on that order, for the purpose of introducing their armor in Europe. This claim was a direct admission that the armor only cost $255 a ton; yet, the trust got the price fixed at $550 a ton in the bill as first passed by Congress. The reduction was made by the Senate. That is the sort of business that makes rich trusts and disgusts those who believe in old fashioned honest dealing with the government as well as with individuals. If the trust can make armor for $253 a ton, which its agents say it can, it can certainly afford to sell it to the government for $300 a ton, but, of course, that is no reason that it will. It will probably prefer making the next Congress raise the price, and the next Congress, being Republican in both branches, will probably be easier to control than the last was.

List of patents granted to Pennsylvania Inventors this week reported by C. A. Snow & Co., Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, Opp. U. S. Patent Off., Washington, D. C.:

H. Bastow, Indiana, glass-molding machine. J. J. Batman, Sunbury, dredging-machine. J. S. Bubb, Kittanning, combined air-operated, car-coupling and train-pipe-coupling mechanism. D. E. Carle, Jeannette, apparatus for finishing glassware. W. B. Fenn, Dorrancetown, raisin-seeder. G. T. McGlaughlin, Parker's Landing, knockdown crate. A. Rasner, Pittsburg, metallic frame and sash. J. Reigart, Harrisburg, bedstead-fastening. C. D. Sanderson, Throop, pump-valve. J. C. Warren, Menallen, umbrella.

For copy of any of the above patents send 10 cents in postage stamps with date of this paper to C. A. Snow & Co., Washington, D. C.

The March of Sullivan's Army—1779.

Diary of Doctor J. Canfield Continued.

Sept. 1, 1779.—The army marched in the morning over an extensive plane, upwards of five miles, when it entered a swamp having first passed by a large marsh, or meadow, on our right, and a high and steep mountain on our left.

In this swamp we found much difficulty in passing with our cannon and pack horses, while we had daylight, but when the night came on, it was greatly increased, the army marching, as originally ordered.

It is worthy of observation that in this swamp we first began, about the middle of it, to descend towards Cuyuga, and Seneka Lakes, down a very steep and high hill; and here we found a considerable stream of water which we followed the rest of the day fording it continually. We arrived at about 9 o'clock at the first Senaka settlement, called French Catharins. [13 miles.]

In the morning the men found in the wood an old Indian woman, who informed us that Butler here met, two days before, a number of Indians coming to join him, with a view of opposing our progress; but they could not prevail on him to turn about again and face this army, he immediately went off and they remained, consulting what was best to be done. The Old Squaw thought to be above 80 years old, expected to be killed. The women were urgent to remain at home, but the men urged that if they should fall into our hands we would make use of them urge harder terms, so the women and children left the town, sun about an hour high; and the men remained till our troops arrived, when they scampered off without firing a gun. The timber white pine, pitch pine, oak and in the swamp much holm bass wood and maple, after passing half ye swamp we had a high mountain on either hand and some small flats. The land rich in ye valle and stony on ye mountain. Here we found plenty of corn and beans and about 12 houses, a high mountain on our left as we enter ye town.

This day's march was so exceeding difficult, I mean the last part of it, that it will not admit of description, it being totally dark and through a thick swamp and this expecting momentarily an attack from the enemy, our army totally unacquainted with the situation of the place and knowing the enemy were there.* French Catherins is distant 3 miles from the Seneka Lake.

Sept. 2d, 1779.—The army remained in camp this day, our baggage being unable to come on, in the dark, the night before.

The Indians and Torys under Butler, certainly are destitute of the spirit of soldiers, or they would not suffer us to make such rapid progress, without any resistance.

I am sure, a few men of spirit, might exceedingly retard our movements.

Sept. 3d, 1779.—The army marched at 9 o'clock, and encamped before night 12 miles below French Catherines in the woods. This day's marching was the best since we left Wyoming; but it had its difficulties. Nine miles of this way, we had the Seneka Lake on our left, at some distance. No appearance of the enemy, tho' it is said by our spys, that they are in a settlement within two miles of our camp—a small party under command of Colonel Smith are gone to beat up their quarters. Timber—black walnut, hickory, the several oaks, the several pines, much ash, bass wood, maple, elm, and shag walnut—and the only chestnut I have seen within 100 miles—very little stone, the land well watered and part mountainous.

Sept. 4th, 1779.—The army marched at 11 o'clock being prevented by rain from marching sooner, however, we made 13 miles and encamped in the woods.

At a place nigh the Lake were a few houses about 4 miles from our last encampment which were deserted last night about the time Col. Smith went out.

At this place called apple town is one of the finest prospects down the lake that can be imagined. The timber of ye same kind as yesterday, and very good, very little stony land.

The land on this side is fine and level, only near the lake are gullies, made by the rain, no springs or brooks of any consequence, and the land generally low, and I think very unsuitable for grass.

The land on the west side of the lake rises very gradually. I believe most of this land would produce wheat and every kind of grain.

At the upper end of this lake is a large body of marsh and bogg meadow all the way from French Catherines to the water of the lake. In this day's march we passed considerable tracts of land, covered with the wild pea-vines equal to clover for horses.

Sept. 5th, 1779.—This day the army arrived at the Town of Thendara [4 miles] near the [Seneka] lake, it is the most considerable Indian town I have yet seen. It is old, having large apple trees, which must have been planted many years ago. Houses covered with bark, large for Indian houses. They are nasty beyond description. The land continues to be very fine and finely timbered. It is said this Peninsula is on an average about 12 miles wide, and about 45 miles long, all rich, level land well timbered. This lake is most beautiful, and on the opposite side the land appears very level, and has a gradual rise—and not very high as far as can be seen. The inhabitants removed themselves from here last Thursday, as we are informed by a deserter, and that they were very much discouraged.

Sept. 6, 1779.—At Shendara [3 miles] we found some corn and beans which were gathered by the troops; but the cornstalks and grass about the town was not sufficient for the horses and cattle. They stayed away and we could not march 'till afternoon when after marching about 3 miles we found nigh to the lake an abundance of pasture which induced ye general to stop. The land and timber on it equal to the other from French Catherines, and equal to any in ye world I believe—very little stony.

Col. Ganesvort's servants missed their path and took a path, which led them down to the Cayuga Lake, where they fell in with a town, which they burned, it being deserted by the inhabitants.

We are now paying, by short marches, for the former imprudent long marches.

August (? Sept.) 7, 1779.—The army marched and having crossed at the mouth of the Seneka Lake, the ford shallow and narrow, passed on through a narrow defile, made by the lake on one side and a deep swamp on the other, and arrived upon a plane open wood, of but small extent, then passed another long defile, made as the former. The land and timber much the same with what we passed over the last three or four days—no hills or mountains on elther side ye river.

Afterward we entered a thick wood—Gen'l Maxwell's brigade went off to the right, and Gen'l Hand's with the two flanking columns went off to the left. We entered the town of Conadasego (12 miles), a large Indian settlement, one of the principal towns of the nation, some time after sun set.

The Indians had deserted the place some short time before our arrival. It seems we are not to see any more of these people. It was expected they would have made a great stand at this place. Here we find great quantities of corn and beans.

It is difficult to account for the conduct of the Indians, who quit their towns and suffer us to destroy them, their corn, their only certain stock of provisions, without offering to interrupt us. The land seems to be a good deal worn out, where part of their corn is planted. The Indians take no care to have clean water, by digging, they only use brook, river and lake water.

Sept. 8th, 1779.—This day the army remained in camp. Col. Smith was detach'd with a body of men, to destroy a

settlement on the west side of the lake, at which place the Indians had a great quantity of Indian corn.

A small number of men started from the camp towards the Cayuga Lake and fell in with a considerable settlement, which the inhabitants had abandoned, and destroyed it.

In this town, Conadasego, are a considerable number of apple trees 20 or 30 years old, and about 50 houses. Here was left a child about two years old.

Sept. 9, 1779.—The army marched about noon, and arrived at their encampment a little before sun set—having passed a long swamp about four miles, in whole 7½ miles.

This swamp is the first black ash swamp I have seen of any consequence since I left New Jersey. The timber in the swamp is oak, black and white ash, beech, bass, maple, white wood, little white pine, elm and button wood.

The swamp was very difficult to pass, here two of the carriages of the artillery were broke which much impeded our march.* They were afterwards mended so that we got on well.

Sept. 10, 1779.—This day the army marched early in the morning, and passed the other part of the swamp, which was not quite so difficult as the first part. After we were out of the swamp we passed a fine open wood with large pieces of high grass. At length we came to a beautiful lake [10 miles] the north end of which we passed and at the narrowest corner, passed the out-let, which was not very large. I rode into the lake about 10 rod and found it about 2 feet or 18 inches deep and believe it is mostly that depth, having a white sandy bottom and the water very clear.

A small distance from this lake is the best built Indian town I have yet seen, the houses mostly new, and mostly log houses. The town is called Shannondaque, the name of the lake I cannot learn.

About a mile beyond this town was many fields of corn nigh to which we encamped after burning the houses. These corn fields with the beans in them, amazingly lengthen out our rations, and strengthen our hope.

*"He arrived at the entrance of this swamp late in the afternoon, and was strongly advised not to venture into it until the next morning; but he persisted, and a miracle only prevented his obstinacy from bringing destruction upon his men. Some of the defiles through which he had to pass, were so narrow and dangerous that a score or two of Indians might have successfully disputed the passage against any number of men. The night was exceedingly dark, the men wearied, scattered and broken and ready to die rather than move on; but the Indian scouts who had been sent to watch them, having retired as soon as it was dark under the full persuasion that no General in his senses would attempt such a road by night, the defiles were fortunately unguarded, and the General arrived with his wearied army about midnight at the town." Allen II., p. 278.

Sept. 11.—The army marched very early, the first part a thick brush and difficult, after that broken ground, swamps and hills, on the hills much grass and the trees scattering; the swamps thick woods and brush. Arrived in the afternoon at an Indian town called 'Angayea, on a fine plane with a small stream of water running through it. Here was many plats of corn, etc., [14 miles] within sight a lake small in extent, said to be one of the three lakes called Seneke—and it is said to be the source of the little Seneke river. The land this day rich even on the top of the hills.

Sept. 12, 1779.—At 'Angayea the Gen. left the greater part of our stock of provisions and the worn out pack horses and men, and 50 good men, 1 piece of cannon under command of Capt. Cummings.

The army marched late this day, being impeded by rain—in our march we passed the out-let of a lake of which I could learn no name.

About sunset the army incamped in the open wood, [11 miles.] Our gen'l course seems to be near south-west. We marched much faster than before, since the heavy baggage was left behind. I saw more chestnut timber this day than I have seen in our whole march—passed much good land, even the hills are good.

Sept. 13.—The army marched this morning at sunrise, and in marching about two miles came to a settlement where was plenty of corn, etc. Cannehsawee, is the name of this place. Here the army was impeded by a creek, over which it was impossible to pass without making a bridge, which took up our time till after 10 o'clock. The night before Gen. Sullivan sent, as I have been informed, a party of riflemen to Genesee, who were to return before day, under the command of Lt. Boyd. This party proceeded to a settlement, and returned part of the way. Lt. Boyd sent in some of his men to inform the Gen'l what discoveries were made, and remained on the path himself, with the rest of the men, waiting until the army should come up, in this situation a party of the enemy surrounded them and killed and took the most of them; our loss in the killed and taken was 16 and the officer.

The army marched again at 10 o'clock, and crossed the brigde, beyond which it crossed a very high hill covered with open woods—and at evening arrived at a small settlement—I suppose the first of the Genesees, where is much corn and such things as Indians raise to subsist upon. After the Indians had surprised our riflemen they pursued such as had made off and fell in with our Surveyor one of whose men they wounded and took all his instruments.

In this affair our people killed three Indians. We expected this would be the end of our labor, but we are mistaken, we are again to march on, and our destination is beyond conjecture. (10 miles.) All the land we passed this day is good and the swamps and intervales surpass any I have seen before. Black Walnuts are very large and well shaped. The quantity of corn in the towns is far beyond what any body has imagined. I fear the methods taken will be ineffectual for its distruction.*

*"They burned an immense quantity of grain. One hundred and sixty thousand bushels of corn were destroyed. They utterly destroyed forty villages and left no single trace of vegetation upon the surface of the ground." Allen II., p. 278.

Reminiscences of The Puritan Sabbath.

A paper read by Mrs. Samuel Urquhart before Dial Rock Chapter, at a meeting held at Joseph Langford's, West Pittston, Pa., on the evening of March 17, 1899.

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth they at once assigned a Lord's Day meeting place for the Separatist church—a timber fort both strong and comely with flat roof and battlements and to this fort, every Sunday, the men and women walked reverently, three in a row, and in it they worshipped until they built for themselves a meeting house in 1648. The first meeting house in Dedham was 36 ft. long, 20 ft. wide and 12 ft. high, the one in Medford, smaller still, and the Haverhill edifice was only 26 feet long and 20 feet wide, yet "none other than the house of God." The first meeting houses were often built in the valley, but the location on a hill-top was chosen and favored for various reasons. It was at first a watch-house from which was kept vigilant lookout for possible approach of hostile Indians. It was also a landmark which could be seen for miles by travelers journeying through the woods. These early churches were destitute of shade, the heat and blazing sun of summer were as hard to bear as was the cold in winter. Curtains and window-blinds were unknown. As years passed on, treees sprang up and grew apace, and too often the churches were shadowed by dense spruce and fir trees.

A New England parson was preaching in a church thus gloomily surrounded. He gave out as his text—"Why do the Wicked Live?" and as he peered in the dim light at his manuscript, he exclaimed abruptly, "I hope they will live long enough to cut down this great hemlock back of the pulpit window." All kinds of notices, orders, regulations and bills were posted on the meeting house. The pulpits were ofton pretentious, even in the plainest of the churches. The clumsy sounding-board was usually hung by a slight iron rod and always appeared to be entirely insufficient to sustain the weight of the heavy machine. In Danvers one of these machines hung within 18 inches of the preacher's nose on a slender bar, 30 feet in length, and every Sunday the children gazed with facinated anticipation, hoping that on *this* day the sounding-board would surely drop and "put out" the preacher. In Concord, N. H., all the men came armed to meeting, and the pastor preached with his treasured weapon in the pulpit by his side. The Montague and South Hadley people were notified that it was meeting time by the loud blowing of a conch shell, the drum was often used as a signal; sometimes 3 guns were fired, another means was by the use of a flag. In the early meeting houses the seats were long narrow uncomfortable benches which were made of simple plank and legs like milking stools. As colonies grew in wealth, spots for pews were sold, at first to some few rich men, who wished to sit together, and finally each family of dignity or wealth sat in its own family pew. Often the floor of the pews was several inches higher than the floor of the alleys or aisles, thus forming at the entrance door one or two steps, which were great stumbling blocks to clumsy feet that tripped again over the crickets and foot benches which, if the family was large, was the church seats for the children. The long benches sometimes had a tier of 3 shelves, the second to hold the men's hats, and the third for the hymn books and bibles. An old New Englander relates a story of his youth: When he was a boy a traveling show visited his town, and though he was not permitted to go within the mystic and alluring tent; he was prodigiously diverted and astonished by an exhibition of high rope walking which was given outside as a bait to lure frivolous townspeople within, and as a tantilization to the children of

the saints who were not allowed to enter the tent of the wicked. Fired by that bewildering and amazing performance he daily practiced walking on rails, fences, fallen trees, and every narrow foothold which he could find, in careful preparation for a final feat and triumph of skill on his mother's clothes line. In an evil hour, as he sat one Sunday in the corner of his father's pew, his eyes rested on the narrow ledge which formed the top of the long foot benches. Satan can find mischief for idle boys in church as well as without, and the desire grew stronger to try to walk on the narrow foothold. He looked at his father and mother, they were pacefully sleeping, so also were the grown occupants of the neighboring pews. The pew walls were high, the preacher seldom looked to right or left, a thousand good reasons were whispered in his ear by the evil one, he yielded, pulled off his heavy shoes and softly mounted the foot bench. He walked forward and back with great success twice, thrice, but when turning for a fourth time he suddenly lost his balance and over he went, with a resounding crash, hats, psalm books, heavy bench and all. He crushed into hopeless shapelessness his father's gray beaver meeting hat, a long treasured and much loved antique; he nearly crushed his mother's kid slippered foot to jelly, and the fall elicited from her, in the surprise of the sudden awakening and intense pain, an ear-piercing shriek which, with the noisy crash, electrified the entire meeting, the whole congregation stood up to investigate, while the preacher paused in his sermon and said, "I have always regretted that the office of tithingman has been abolished." The boy of course was uninjured by his fall, but after a final settlement at home between father and son, the unhappy would-be-high-rope-walker wished he had broken his arm instead of his father's hat, his mother's pride and the peace of the congregation.

The pew seats were as narrow and uncomfortable as the plebeian benches and quite justified the comment of a little girl when she first attended a service in one of these old-fashioned square pewed churches; she exclaimed in dismay, "What! must I be shut up in a closet and sit on a shelf?" In many meeting houses the tops of the pews were ornamented with little balustrades of turned wood, which were often worn quite bare of paint by childish fingers, which tried them all to find which one would turn and which, alas, would squeak. Through the pillard top rail a restless child often received on a hot Sunday from a farmer's wife or daughter friendly and quieting sprigs of dill, or caraway, famous anti-soporifics. An uneasy sermon-tired little girl was once given through the pew rail, several stalks of caraway and a large bunch of southern wood. Little Missy sat down to nibble her caraway seed, and her mother seeing her so quietly occupied, at once fell placidly asleep in the corner of the pew. But five heads of caraway, though each contained many scores of seeds, and slowly nibbled and eaten one seed at a time will not last through a child's eternity of a long sermon, and when the seeds were devoured the young experimenter began upon the stalks and stems and they too slowly disappeared. She then attacked the sprays of southern wood, and in spite of its bitter wormwoody flavor, having nothing else to do, she finished it all but the tough stems just as the sermon ended. Her waking mother finding no signs of green verdure in the pew, quickly drew forth a whispered conference of the time-killing Nebuchadnezzar-like feast, and frightened and horrified bore the leaf-gorged child from the church signalling, in her retreat, to the village doctor, who quickly followed and administered to the omniverous young New Englander a dose, which made her loathe to her dying day the taste of caraway and smell of southern wood.

In all the Puritan meetings the men sat on one side, the women on the other. If any man wished a private pew for himself and family, he obtained permission from the church and town, and built it at his own expense. Usually, on one side of the pulpit, was a square pew for the pastor's family. When there were 26 children in the family, as one New England preacher could boast, and when ministers' families of 12 and 14 were far from unusual, it is no wonder we find frequent votes to enlarge the preacher's pew the breadth of the alley. In Pittsfield as early as the year 1765, the pews were sold by "vendoo" to the highest bidder in order to stop the unnecessary quarrels over the seating. Little girls sat with their mothers' on crickets in the pews, or if the family were over-numerous the children and crickets exundated into the alley, without the pews, often a row of little daughters of Zion sat on three legged stools the entire length of the ailes, weary, sleepy young sentinels "without the gates." The boys, the Puritan boys, those wild animals, who were regarded with such suspicion, even herded by themselves, and tithingmen were appointed to watch over them. The most grotesque, the most highly colored figure in the dull New England church life was the tithingman, so out of place, so unreal is this fussy, pompous, restless tithingman, with his fantastic wand of office, fringed with dangling fox tails, creaking, bustling, peering around the quiet meeting house, prodding and rapping the restless boys, and waking the drowsy sleepers. An old farmer worn with a hard Saturday's work was rudely disturbed, but not wholly awakened by the rod of the tithingman, the bewildered farmer sprung to his feet, seized his astonished and mortified wife by the shoulders, shook her violently and shouted, "Haw back! haw back! Stand still will ye?" Poor good man and good wife, many years passed ere they recovered from that keen disgrace.

At the planting of the first church in Woburn, Mass., the Rev. Mr. Symmes showed his godliness and endurance by preaching between four and five hours. Sermons which occupied two and three hours were customary enough. Dr. Lord of Norwich, always made a prayer one hour long. The long and tedious services must have been hard to endure in the bitter winter weather. Judge Sewall pathetically recorded the communion bread was

[illegible] hard and rattled sadly in the plates. Another entry of Judge Sewall tells of an exceeding cold day, when there was great coughing in meeting, and yet a new born baby was brought into the icy church to be baptized. The ministers often preached and prayed with their hands cased in wollen or fur mittens. They wore long camlet cloaks and covered their heads with scull caps. In the bitter winter weather the women carried to meeting little foot stoves. The singing must have been bad beyond belief. It is told of Dr. West, who preached in Dartmouth, in 1726, that he forgot one Sabbath to bring his sermon. He gave out a psalm, walked a quarter of a mile to his house, got his sermon and was back in the pulpit long before they finished singing the psalm. Judge Sewall says, "In the morning I set York tune, and in the second going over the gallery carried it irresistibly to St. David's which discouraged me very much. Still a third time he set Windsor tune, they ran over into Oxford do what I would." These unusually runnings over became so common that ere long each singer set his own tune and the louder voiced carried the day. Rev. Thos. Walters says, "I have myself paused twice in one note to take breath, no two men quaver alike or together. It sounds in the ears of a good judge, like 500 different tunes roared out at the same time with perpetual interferings with one another.

The salaries of New England clergyman were not large in early days, but the £60 or £70 was quite enough to support them in that new country of plain living, if they only received it. Some persons could not always afford to use candles, some could not afford paper to write on. The Puritan ministers gave advice in their sermons upon most personal and worldly matters, nor did they hesitate to be personal even in their prayers. One prayed for a young lady in the congregation and ended his invocation thus: "She asked me not to pray for her in public, but I told her I would, and so I have, amen." Rev. Miles while praying for rain said, "O Lord, Thou knowest that we do not want Thee to send us a rain which shall pour down in fury, and swell our streams and carry away our haycocks, fences and bridges, but, Lord, we want it to come drizzle, drozzle, drizzle, drozzle, for about a week, amen."

Stern and severe of face were many of the members of these early New England congregations, else they had not been true Puritans in heart, and above all, they had not been Pilgrims. Nothing can more plainly show their distinguishing characteristics; nothing is so fully typical of the motive, the spirit of their lives, as the reverent observance of the Lord's Day.

The March of Sullivan's Army—1779.

Diary of Doctor J. Canfield Continued.

Sept. 14, 1779.—After the army had destroyed the corn, which was at this place; it marched for Genessee.

First we passed a branch of the river, which was not by any means rapid, but muddy, and advanced on to a plane, through a swamp of large trees. Black walnut, and white maple, poplar, ash, bass, etc. This plane, at first appeared to be about two miles in length, and upwards of a mile wide, lying almost east and west, we coming on the east end, and the view was obstructed by a hill not very high; but when we approached the middle of the plane we found it open to the right an amazing extent, when we came nigh the hill mentioned before, our march was obstructed by the Genessee river, which takes its course through the hills, and at this place enters this extensive plane, and winds its course down, as far as the eye can follow it, in its course it receives the other branches.

Both these branches being united the stream obtains the name of Genessee, and in some maps little Seneke, it falls into lake Ontario about 30 miles from here, and is said to be navigable for Battaux which being the case, there may be an easy navigation all the way to Montreal.

The grass on this extensive plain is good, the wild horses are very fond of it, and it grows as high as a man's head in many places.

Here we had a charming view of our army, which is the first, all moving in our original order of march.

The army here crossed the river and ascended the hill—it continued its progress to Genesee, over several sudden hills and swamps, which were general miery, if not three rods across, at which place it arrived about sunset. This is much the

largest Indian town I have yet seen—having about 80 houses, it is built mostly of small logs and covered with bark. The town is situate ou a very fine plane, higher than the other large plane, which has generally obtained the name of flat or bottom.

The Indian houses might have beeu very comfortable, had they made any convenience for the smoke to be conveyed out, only a hole in the middle of the top of the roof of the house.

The Indians are exceedingly dirty, the rubage of one of their houses is enough to stink a whole country.

At this place we found the mangled bodies of two of the men we lost day before yesterday, one known to be Lt. Boyd's, which were immediately interred with the usual honors of war.

These dead bodies have evident signs of their having suffered the extreemest tortures, from the virtuous and faithful allies of Great Britain, headed by a Butler and a Braudt, these dastardly reches not having bravery to fight us, wreek their vengeance on a few unfortunate men they never would have dared to meet on equal terms.

The whole army are now very busy in destroying the corn, which is abundant in this place. Some of these houses were full of it hanging up to dry.

This is not an old place, many of their houses being new, and the inhabitants had deserted it only the day before we arrived, here they left more of their furniture than at any other place.

A very pretty brook of good water runs through the town.

The Indians observe no kind of order in their building, and most of their houses have a small additional place built at one end, from which they have a door into ye large house—they build two tier of births, and have fire in ye centre.

The army must have droped the prosecution of this expedition long ago had not the corn, beans, etc., which it found from place to place, subsisted it. The first of Sept. we had only 23 days' provisions, a great quantity of which must inevitably be lost, from the nature of the portage.

Since we left Tioga we lost 140 cattle, most of which, we hear, have since returned to that place.

Much of our flour is carried in bags, and often falling of, and striking against trees, sometimes falling into mud, and sometimes into ye water, as we pass many streams of water, and 5 horses are committed to the management of the clumsy driver.

This instance of the virtue of this army must exceed any yet exhibited. It has undertaken and performing this tedious march on the bare allowance of ½ lb. of flour and ½ lb. of beef a day and 5 gils of salt to 100 lbs. of beef—without any spirit, for, whatever might have been at Tioga in store, we could find uo way to bring, but very little on with us.

From French Catherius to this place, 95 miles at least, is undoubtedly the best land, and capable of the greatest improvement of any part of the possession of the U. States.

Sept. 15th.—This day the whole army was employed in destroying the corn at this place, until 4 o'clock p. m., when it faced to the right about, set fire to the town, and marched back to the fording place and repassed the Genessce river by sunset, and preceeded on to the hither end of the plane, where we encamped in the evening. [5 miles.]

I think the Genessee flat, what I have seen of it, may be about 6 miles in length, and half that in breadth.

Besides this there are large swamps, covered with fine timber, almost all round the flat, the soil of which is as rich as can be.

Sept. 16th, 1779.—This morning the army was detached early to destroy all the corn in the neighborhood of this place, it being very considerable, which being effected, the whole army crossed the creek, and pursued their old route, inverted, to the place where Lt. Boyd and his party had been surrounded by the Indiaus; here were found dead and scalped so many, as when added to those formerly mentioned, make the number 17 including one Indian. This little party, it is said, sustained the action for some minutes after they were completely surrounded, and 14 of them were found dead on one spot.

Conadesago, Sept. 20, 1779.—Since the 16th, I have been so unwell that I could not attend to anything more than my pains and fatigue. The army encamped here last night after marching upwards of 14 miles from a small lake on this side, Yannondaque.

Yesterday we had a pacquet arrived at camp with the news of Spain taking active part in our difficulties.

The army marched a little before night (The General having detached 500 men to move across the mouth of Cayuga Lake and proceed to the Indian settlements on the east side of that lake and destroy them, then join the army at the Tioga branch. Also detached uuder Col. Ganes-

vort a party to proceed to some other settlements near Albany which are to be destroyed) and then crossed the water, which flows from the Seneke Lake, at the mouth, and encamped about a mlle up the east side.

(To be Continued.)

The March of Sullivan's Army—1779.

Diary of Doctor J. Canfield Continued.

Sept. 21, 1779.—2½ miles past Candara. The army encamped 4 o'clock afternoon.

Sept. 23, 1779.—The army rested in a deep valle about three miles above French Catherins and about 14 miles short of the Susquehanna.

Sept. 24, 1779.—This afternoon the army arrived at Konnawa holla on the Tioga Branch of Susquehanna—here we found a garrison of our people consisting of 200 men, who, had wlth boats, brought up a considerable supply of provisions. This place is about 23 miles above Tioga. In this day's march the army passed the Allegahe mountains, which is the highest laud we have passed, the water descending both ways; and what is very remarkable, this mountain, at the place where we passed it, is a swamp of white pine and hemlock, and is very wet, altho there has not fallen any rain of consequence these 30 days past.

Sept. 28, 1779.—Last night about 7 o'clock I arrived at Wyoming after a tedious passage by water from Connawah holla which I left the 25th, a little before night, having obtained permission to come down on account of my bad state of health. By water the way is computed to be 130 miles.

I arrived at Tioga the 26th, 3 o'clock in the morning, where I was very kindly entertained by Col. Shrevee, who furnished Col. Smith with a boat, and necessary assistance, my horses were brought down by land.

Sept. 30, 1779.—I reached Easton.

Oct. 2, 1779.—Arrived at my house Morristown having traveled continuously on the way every day since the 15th of Sept. from Genesee.

[" Sullivan arrived about the middle of October at Easton. * * * Of the 1400 horses which he had taken with him, 300 only were brought back. His childish and absurd complaints had disgusted the Commander-in-Chief, as well as the Board of War, and the ridiculous vanity displayed in his official account of the expedition rendered him the jest of the whole army. He was not long able to bear this downfall of his pride and consequence, and on the 9th of November he solicited permission to resign." (Allen II., p. 279.) " His officers and soldiers addressed him letters of thauks and fellcitations, which were also made public by means of the press; whether they did this of their own motion, or in compllance with the insinuations of Sullivan, who was rather a light man, and exceedingly vain withall is uncertain." (Botta, II., p. 193.) "On receiving the communications of General Sullivan, Congress passed a vote approving his conduct and that of the army. That approbation, however, seems not to have extended beyond his conduct in the Indian country. His demand for military stores for the expedition had been so high; in his conversation with his officers, he had so freely censured the government for its failure to comply with those demands; in general orders he had so openly complained of inattention to the preparation necessary to secure the success of the enterprise, that considerable offence was given to several members of Congress and still more to the Board of War. * * The endeavors of his friends to obtain a vote requesting him to continue in the service and permitting him to retire from actual duty until his health should be restored, were overruled and his resignation was accepted. The resolution permitting him to resign was, however, accompanied wlth one thanking him for past services." (Marshall's Washington, I., p. 324.)

BIOGROPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. CAMPFIELD.

In presenting the Diary of Dr. John Campfield to the New Jersey Historical Society, Mr. Edmund D. Halsey, of Morristown, gave the following biographical sketch of the author, and the circumstances attending the discovery of these ancient records. On the 25th of May, 1873, Mr. Halsey writes to the society :

" It gives me pleasure to send you herewith for the use of the Society and for preservation with their collections the Diary of Dr. Jabez Campfield, formerly of

this place, a surgeon in the Revolutionary army and a member of the Cincinnati. He accompanied Sullivan's expedition into Western Pennsylvania and New York in 1779, and this diary is his narrative of that campaign. He left Morristown May 23d and three days after joined the command which then consisted of the Second New York regiment and Spencer's New Jersey regiment at Tunkhanna. . He returned to his own house on the second of October following "having traveled continually on the way every day since the 15th of September from Genessee." As the detailed experience of a man of education and observation it throws much light on the operations in which he and his Jersey regiment shared.

The book was rescued from a mass of rubbish and old paper which had been sold in the lump for six cents a pound, and it was with some difficulty I ascertained the name of the author, which does not appear in the book itself. In the same book Captain William Campfield, his son, had his "Commandant's Orderly Book" as Captain commanding Morris squadron New Jersey cavalry, June 9th, 1798, to August 24th, 1807." A list of banks in the United States in 1812 and other matters not so interesting are found on other pages of the book. This William Campfield was a captain in the Morris county regiment of militia in the same war.

I endeavored with some little success to ascertain something of the other history of Dr. Campfield and give you the result. He was born at Newark, N. J., and when quite a lad was sent to Providence, R. I., to school, where he fitted for college. He graduated at Nassau Hall in 1759, and subsequently married Miss Sarah Ward, of Newark, and settled down in the practice of his profession at Morristown. His residence was in Morris street, but he owned a large farm on the New Vernon road, which for many years after his death belonged to James Wood but was known as the Campfield farm. He entered the service soon after the breaking out of the war, and was senior surgeon on Dr. Burnett's staff. In Gen. Stryker's official register of officers and men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War, page 73, his name appears as "Surgeon 'Spencer's Regiment,' Continental Army, January 1st, 1797; discharged at the close of the war." After the declaration of peace he continued to reside in Morristown till his death in May, 1821, at the age of 83 years, 5 months and 20 days. He was Surrogate of our county records in 1784 to 1804. In his will, which is recorded in the Morris county Surrogate's office, dated Aug. 17, 1818, and proved June 25, 1821, he devised all his property to his son and only child, Dr. Wm. Campfield, (the Captain Campfield above mentioned), who was also a graduate of Princeton, and who survived his father but three years.

There are three grandchildren of the old Doctor now living—Dr. Wm. A. Campfield, of Lisbon, N. Y.; Charles H. Campfield, of Savannah, Ga.; and Mrs. C. A. Dunham, widow of Dr. L. Dunham, deceased, late of New Brunswick, N. J. Another grandson, Edward Campfield, died in Augusta, Ga., leaving a son, Dr. H. T. Campfield, to whom I am indebted for much of this information."

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Scraps of Early History.

During our Revolutionary struggle the people of Connecticut and of Pennsylvania were engaged against a common enemy and their troubles between each other, for jurisdiction and the soil, were suspended. Shortly after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis a petition was presented to Congress, from the Supreme Executive council of Pennsylvania setting forth a matter of dispute between the said State of Pennsylvania and the State of Connecticut respecting sundry lands lying on the east branch of the Susquehanna river and praying a hearing, agreeably to the ninth article of Confederation.

Connecticut promptly met the overtures of Pennsylvania and both parties made preparations for the trial. On the 12th of August, 1782, the delegates from the two States announced in a joint memorial to Congress that they had mutually agreed on the following named persons to constitute the Court. Hon. Wm. Whipple, of New Hampshire, Major Gen. Nathanial Green, of Rhode Island, David Briarly and Wm. C. Houston, Esqs., of New Jersey, and Hon. Cyrus Griffin and Joseph Jones, Esq., of Virginia. At a subsequent meeting it was ascertained that Gen. Green and one other could not attend, and Hon. Welcome Arnold, of Rhode Island, and Hon. Thomas Wilson, of Virginia, were substituted, any five of whom were to constitute a quorum. Five commissioners, to wit, Messrs. Whipple, Arnold, Houston, Griffin and Briarly met and opened their court at Trenton, Nov. 12th, 1782. William Bradford, Joseph Reed, James Wilson and Jonathan D. Sergeant appearing as counsel on behalf of Pennsylvania. Eliphalet Dyer, William S. Johnson and Jesse Root, on the part of Connecticut. The court declined to order notice to be given to the settlers at Wyoming, as they said the right of soil did not come before them. The only question they were called upon to decide being that of jurisdiction. The court after a session of forty-one days,

and after hearing the allegations and pleas of counsel, gave their decision as follows:

"We are unanimously of the opinion that Connecticut has no right to the lands in controversy. We are also of the opinion that the jurisdiction and preemption of all the territory lying within the charter of Pennsylvania and now claimed by the State of Connecticut do of right belong to the State of Pennsylvania."

There was no opinion written out and filed or reason given for their decision. They must have went upon the instructions given by an old, experienced and eminent Judge of the eastern country to a young man about to assume the duties of judge in the highest court of the Kingdom. Said he "decide fairly, honestly and justly, but give no reasons. Your decisions will generally be right but your reasons may be all wrong." The young man followed his instructions and is said to have become one of the most popular and eminent Judges of the country.

With the decision at Trenton, Pennsylvania was satisfied. They had gained their cause. Connecticut acquiesced. The allegiance of the settlers at Wyoming was transferred from Connecticut to the State of Pennsylvania. They however still claimed the soil by right of preemption and settlement.

The decree of Trenton was undoubtedly a sort of a compromise verdict. It would hardly do to allow Connecticut to have a strip of land one hundred and twenty miles wide across the Continent and extending from ocean to ocean. It would materially interfere with the formation of future States. The country had just emerged from our great Revolutionary struggle; the colonies were to be reconstructed, boundaries established and a government formed. In consequence of the decision at Trenton the State of Connecticut afterwards applied to Congress and was awarded land in the, then, territory of Ohio, one hundred and twenty miles square, commencing on the western border of Pennsylvania, and now known as the Western reserve. When the territory of Ohio was organized into the Union of States this land was reserved by the general government for the State of Connecticut. This reserve contained 9,544,000 acres of land, the best and richest portion of the State of Ohio, and was set apart by the State of Connecticut for school purposes. Soon after the decree at Trenton the Pennsylvania claimants commenced depredations on the Connecticut settlers to drive them from the country. Wyoming was then a part of Northumberland county. The nearest adjoining county was Northampton. The settlers under the lead of John Jenkins, the grandfather of the late Hon. Stuben Jenkins, were determined not to be driven off, and organized companies of men from time to time to defend their families and their homes. Collisions took place between the contending forces, in which numbers were killed and wounded on both sides. Sheriff Auten, of Northumberland county, was sent with a posse from time to time to quell the disturbance and force a peace. He took a number of prisoners and conveyed them to the log jail at Sunbury where they were kept in confinement until they escaped or were tried for the offenses charged. Among the prisoners so taken was Benjamin Bidlack, then a young man full of mirth and a good singer. It was the custom of the German population of Sunbury to call at the jail in the evening, have a social chat with the prisoners, which generally wound up with a song from Bidlack. Among others he sung a song called the swaggering man, the chorus of which ended, "Here goes the swaggering man sir." One evening after Bidlack had been there for some time, they called as usual and after passing the *ardent* a number of times they called upon Bidlack to sing. He was jovial as usual, and pretended to be under the influence of liquor. He, however, complied with their request, but told them he must have a cane in order to act as well as sing. He sung, walking back and forth, flourishing his club, until he came to the last line in the chorus: "Here goes the swaggering man sir"—when he drew his club, knocked them right and left, and ran. Before they recovered from their astonishment Bidlack was out in the dark and beyond their reach.

After quiet was restored in the Valley and the title to the property adjusted to the satisfaction of all, Bidlack became an eminent preacher and Presiding Elder of this district, then as large as almost any of the Conferences now. His son, Benj. A. Bidlack, was a man of prominence, having been elected to the Legislature, to Congress, and was appointed Minister to Bogota, at which place he died.

Alexander Patterson was the leading spirit on the part of the Pennamites, and John Franklin on the part of the Yankees. To put a stop to riot and murder, carried on by the contending parties, Colonels Armstrong and Boyd were sent to the Valley with a force of 400 men. Armstrong had a conference with the Yankees

—told them he had come to make peace; to put a stop to riot and bloodshed; that both parties should lay down their arms and like good citizens return to their homes. That if they would lay down their arms he pledged to them his honor as a soldier and a gentleman that the Patterson party should do likewise.

Desiring peace, they concluded to accept his terms. It was, however, after some misgivings as to treachery on the part of Armstrong, Franklin paraded his men. They were ordered to stack their arms, forward march two paces; when Armstrong ordered his men to take charge of the whole party.

Patterson's party was not molested. Not a gun taken from them. Part of the prisoners were sent to the fort and thirty of them were put in irons and sent off on foot to Easton jail, guarded by soldiers. Elisha Harding, the father of the late Jesse Harding of Eaton township, was one of the number. In giving an account of their treatment while in the jail at Easton he said, on every Friday a gentleman of Easton sent them a good dinner. He was Michael Hart, an Israelite.

ANTIQUARIAN.

Early History—Braintrim.

Braintrim was granted to George Dorrance and Phineas Reice, who laid it out in 1777; beginning about a mile above Tuscarora creek and down the river above the mouth of the Meshoppen creek, embracing twenty-five square miles. This was one of the original certified towns, and embraced a part of Susquehanna county, and what is now Braintrim, Meshoppen, Mehoopany and Windham. It was laid out in the form of a square, each side being five miles in extent.

Its Northeastern boundary extended from a point in Susquehanna county to a point in Meshoppen twp., midway between the Bunnell Hill and Scranton Corners school houses. Thence it extended a southwesterly course crossing the river below Scottsville and extending along what is now the boundary between Windham and Mehoopany, until that line is broken near the house of E. O. Knappen. Here it took in a part of Mehoopany, extending to a point on the hill, back of the late Dennis Sheehan's, which was its south-west corner. It then extended in a north-westerly course to the house of J. Goodwin, where it forms the boundary of what is now Windham and Forkston, also Windham and North Branch, extending into Windham near the house of R. Kilduff, which was its south-west corner, thence it extended in a north-easterly direction to the place of beginning. It was afterwards laid out where it was wholly on the east side of the river and comprised the present Braintrim, Meshoppen and a part of Washington, but when the two latter towns were formed Braintrim was reduced to its present size.

Among the first settlers of what is now Braintrim, was Ebenezer Skinner, who came there prior to 1776, from Clearmount, New Hampshire.

His Right was purchased, no doubt, from Peter Leavers, of Windsor, New York, for we find among old grants, that of Peter Leavers, of Windsor, New York, to Ebenezer Skinner, of Clearmount, N. H., 1 Right, Oct. 25th, 1774. It is also probable that he moved there soon after, for on the 18th of September, 1776, he paid taxes at Westmoreland on a proprietors Right.

It is supposed that he built the house where Pane Lacey lives.

John Depew was another of the early settlers of this town. He lived on a tract of land near Tuscarora creek, embracing 300 acres, which he sold July 16th, 1776, to Wm. Hooker Smith and Timothy Smith, for the consideration of fifty pounds. How long he lived there we do not know, but we find that on the 22nd of Dec., 1775, he sold to Robert Carr, his half Right to a saw mill, on Tuscarora creek.

Above Ebenezer Skinner, on the place formerly owned by Ross Rahm, lived one S. Baker, who came there some time prior to 1796, as Biles in his survey of the Susquehanna, noted his house as being first above E. Skinner.

While living there one of his children died, and he buried it in the woods, in what is now Lacey Street Cemetery.

In 1812, all the land in what is now Braintrim township, was owned by Samuel Sturdevant, Joshua Keeney, Henry

V. Champion, Samuel Sturdevant, Jr., —— Ward, Daniel Lake, Ebenezer Lacey, Isaac Lacey, Jr., D. P. Lacey, Chester Keeney, Ira Keeney, Judson Reameau, Richard Keeney, Francis Pepper and Wait S. Skinner. There were two tenants. The first of these, Daniel Lum came from Morris county, New Jersey, in 1800, and settled on the piece at one time owned by John Lum, his son.

He first came here on a trapping expedition, and being pleased with the beautiful scenery and fertile lands of Black Walnut, he moved his family hither. He always lived there afterward, and farmed and lumbered. He died in 1845, at the age of 73 years.

Dr. Ebenezer Beaman, lived next above him, as early as 1800, and still above him, Frederick Vanderlip settled at an early date.

His was the favorite stopping place, and Sullivan's army encamped there on the night of August 4th, 1779.

In about the year 1791, Samuel Sturdevant, Jr., settled on the same place. He was born Aug. 30th, 1741, at Danbury, Conn. When the Revolutionary war broke out he was 34 years of age, and had a wife and children, with a comfortable home, but he bade all adieu, to share the dangers of field and camp. It is supposed that he served through every campaign. When peace was declared he came with his family to Black Walnut as above stated. Here he commenced preaching, and when fifty years of age he was ordained pastor of the newly formed Braintrim Baptist church. He not only preached at home but, also, along the Mehoopany and Tunkhannock creeks, and at all places, wherever the sparsly settled could furnish him a congregation. He died April 9th, 1828, and his bones repose beneath the quiet shades of his river home, at Black Walnut. Three of his posterity died while ministers, and four are now engaged as such. Among the latter is prominent, his grandson, the late Rev. D. D. Gray, of Laceyville.

Joshua Keeney, who settled in 1792, lived next above Sturdevant, and above him was Henry V. Champion, who came there prior to 1800. His was the last house in Black Walnut.

Farther up the river we come to Wait S. Skinner, from whom Skinner's Eddy was named. He was a son of Ebenezer Skinner, mentioned above, and he lived in a hotel owned by his brother-in-law, Samuel Sturdevant, Jr. He lived there in 1800.

Francis Pepper occupied Leon Smith's blacksmith shop. Near him lived Samuel Sturdevant, Jr., a son of Samuel Sturdevant, Sr., of Black Walnut. He married a daughter of Ebenezer Skinner and owned all the land from Skinner's Eddy to Laceyville, not a foot of which was cleared in 1812, on the upper side of the road and but little on the lower side.

The next lot was owned by one Ward, who cleared all the land where Laceyville is. He also built the barn, now standing back of S. B. Edward's house.

Farther on lived David Lake, then Ebenezer Lacey, who lived there prior to 1800. Isaac Lacey, Sr., D. P. Lacey, Chester Keeney, Ira Keeney, Judson Reaman and Richard Keeney, who owned lots in the order of their names.

The people feeling the necessity of schools, were not slow in establishing school houses. The first school house was built in 1811, near where the late T. A. Dawson's barn is. It was a plank house, and although it was not within the immediate limits of Braintrim, it is so near the line that most of the scholars came from there. Rachel Brooks, the mother of the late D. T. Sterling, of Meshoppen, was the first teacher. Before this house was built, school was held in a log dwelling, near the house of the late W. H. Bushnell.

The first school house in Laceyville was built in 1815, near where Samuel Gregory lives. Joseph Gamble taught there for the consideration of $8.00 per month.

The next school house was built in 1817, near Ross Rahm's saw mill, and in 1824 a frame school house was built just above James Bunnell's. In 1831 a frame school house was built in Skinner's Eddy, opposite Leon Smith's blacksmith shop which was carried off in the flood of '65.

We see by the above statistics that Braintrim early foresaw the advantage of educational facilities and was among the first to establish schools.

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